

(Copyright, 1904, by The Bobbs-Merrill Co.) CHAPTER I.

IEN the thing was at its hot-test. I bolted. Tom, like the

who can never nurse her baby except where everybody can see her, in a railroad station. There was toe woman who's always hungry, nibbling choco-lates out of a box; and the woman faland the woman who's beside herself with fear that she'll miss her train; and the woman who's beside herself with fear that she'll miss her train; and the woman who is taking notes bout the other women's rigs. And— And I didn't like the look of that

man with the cap who opened the ewinging door a bit and peeped in. The women's waiting room is no place for man-nor for a girl who's got some-ody else's watch inside her waist. luckily, my back was toward him, but ust as the door swung back he might in a mirror hanging opposite to the

I retreated, going to an inner room where the ladies were having the maid brush their gowns, soiled from subur-ban travel and the dirty station.

The deuce is in it the way women stare. I took off my hat and jacket for a reason to stay there and hung them

up as leisurely as I could.
"Nance," I said under my breath, to the alert-eyed, pug-nosed girl in the mirror, who gave a quick glance about the room as I bent to wash my hands, "women stare 'cause they're women. There's no meaning in their look. If they were men, now, you might twit

I smoothed my hair and reached out my hand to get my hat and jacket when

Oh, it was long; long enough to cover you from your chin to heels! thad a high collar of chinchilla
that was fairly acrumptious. And
just above it the hat hung, a red-cloth toque caught up on one side with some of the same fur. The black maid misunderstood my

duds on, and when a lot of women stare it makes the woman they stare at pea-cock naturally, and—and—well, ask from what he thinks of my stare nvoluntary gesture. I had all my best what he thinks of my style wher I'm on parade. At any rate, it was the maid's fault. She took down the coat and hat and held them for me as though they were mine. What could I do, 'cept just slip into the slik-lined beauty and set the toque on my head? The fool girl that owned them was having another maid mend a tear in her skirt, over in the corner; the little place was crowded. Anyway, I had both the coat and hat on and was out into the big anteroom in a

but I was great! The hang of that coat. the long, incurving sweep in the back and the high fur collar up to one's nose even if it is a turned-up nose oh!

I stayed and looked for a second too ng. for just as I was pulling the flaring hat a bit over my face, the doors swung, an old lad; came in, and there behind her was that same curious man's face with the cap above it.

Trapped? Me? Not much! I didn't wait a minute, but threw the doors open with a gesture that might have belonged to the queen of Spain. I almost ran into his arms. He gave an exciamation. I looked him straight in the eyes, as I hooked the collar close to my throat and swept past him

He weakened. That coat was too jolly uch for him. It was for me, too. As I ran down the stairs, its influence so worked on me that I didn't know just which Vanderbilt I was.

I got out on the sidewalk all right, and was just about to take a car when the turnstile swung round, and there was that same man with the cap. His face was a funny mixture of doubt and determination. But it means the Cor-

But it wasn't. For it was then that empty, and it was mine. I'd rather go
to the Correction—being too young to
set to the place you're bound for, Tom
Dorgan—in it than in the patrol wagon. At any rate, it was all the chance
I had.

some notes for the bishop's next sermon and a copy of Quo Vadis. I just nuggled down, trust me. I leaned far back and lay low. When I did peek out the window, I saw the man with the brass buttons and the cap turning to go inside again.

Victory! He had lost the scent. Who would look for Nancy Olden in the

Now, you know how early I got up resterday to catch the train so's Tom and I could come in with the people and be naturally mingling with them? And you remember the dance the night before? I hadn't had more than three test, I bolted. Tom, like the darling he is— (Yes, you are, old fellow, you're as precious to me as—as you are to the police—if they could only get their hands on you)—well. Tom drew off the crowd, having passed the old gentleman's watch to me, and I made for the women's rooms. The station was crowded, as, it always is in the afternoon, and in a minute I was strolling into the big, square room, saying slowly to myself to keep me steady:

hours' sleep, and the snug warmth of that coach was just nuts to me, after the freezing ride into town. I didn't dare get out for fear of some other man in a cap and buttons somewhere on the lookout. I knew they couldn't have nabled me before this. After a bit I didn't want to get out, I was so warm and comfortable—and elegant. Oh, Tom, you should have seen your Nance in that coat and in the bishop's carriage!

First thing I knew, I was dreaming hours' sleep, and the snug warmth of

First thing I knew, I was dreaming you and I were being married, and you had brass buttons all over you, and I had the cloak all right, but it was a wedding dress, and the chinchilla was a wedding dress, and the chinchilla was a wormy sort of orange blossoms, and —and I waked when the handle of the had the cloak all right, but it was a wedding dress, and the chinchilla was a wormy sort of orange blossoms, and —and I waked when the handle of the door turned and the bishop got in.

Asleep? That's what! I'd actually

been asleep.

And what did I do now? That's easy—fell asleep again. There wasn't anything else to do. Not really

wasn't anything else to do. Not really asleep this time, you know; just—just asleep enough to be wide awake to any chance there was in it.

The horses had started, and the carriage was half-way across the street before the bishop noticed me.

He was a little bishop, not big and fat

and well-kept like the rig, but short and lean, with a little white beard and the softest eye—and the softest heart— and the softest head. Just listen: "Lord bless me!" he exclaimed, hur-

riedly putting on his spectacles, and looking about bewildered.

I was slumbering sweetly in the cor-ner, but I could see between my lashes that he thought he'd jumped into somebody else's carriage.

The sight of his book and papers com-

forted him, though, and before he could make a resolution, I let the jolting of the carriage, as it crossed the car track, throw me gently against him.

"Daddy," I murmured, sleepily, let-ting my head rest on his little, prim

That comforted him, too. Hush your laughing, Tom Dorgan; I mean calling him "daddy" seemed to kind of take the cuss off the situation.

so long I went to sleep. I thought you'd

He put his arm about my shoulders in a fatherly way. You know, I found out later the bishop never had had a daugh-I guess he thought he had one n Such a simple, dear old soul! Just the same, Tom Dorgan, if he had been my father, I'd never be doing stunts with tipsy men's watches for you; nor if I'd had any father. Now don't get mad Think of the bishop with his gentle thin old arm about my shoulders, hold-ing me for just a second as though I was his daughter! My, think of it! And me, Nance Olden, with that fat man's watch in my waist and some girl's beautiful long coat and hat on, all covered with chinchilla!

he said, shaking me gently to wake me up, for I was going to sleep again, he feared.

"Oh, I knew you were kept at the office," I interrupted quickly. I preferred to be farther from the station with that girl's red coat before I got out. "We've missed our train, anyway, what hearly wrecked me was the cut of that coat. It positively made me let's not take this route. If we'd go straight through on the one road, we but I was great! The harm of the cut of t wouldn't have this drive across town every time. I was wondering, before I fell asleep, what in the world I'd do in this big city if you didn't come.

He forgot to withdraw his arm, so occupied was he by my predicament.

Wasn't it clumsy of him? He wanted to break it to me gently, and this was the best he could do.

"What would I do?" I gasped indig-nently. "Why, daddy, imagine me alone, and—and without money! Why

"There! there!" he said, patting me

soothingly on the shoulder.

That baby of a bishop. The very thought of Nancy Olden out alone in the streets was too much for him.

He put his free hand into his pocket
and had just taken out a bill and was
trying to plan a way to offer it to me
and reveal the fact to poor, modest
little Nance Olden that he was not her own daddy, when an awful thing hap

We had got up street as far as the opera house, when we were caught in the jam of carriages in front; the last afternoon opera of the season was just over. I was so busy thinking what would be my next move that I didn't It wasn't. For it was then that I caught sight of the carriage. It was a fat, low, comfortable, elegant, sober carriage, wide and well kapt, with rubber-tired wheels. And the two heavy horses were fat and elegant and sober, too, and wide and well kept. I didn't know it was the bishop's then—I didn't care whose it was. It was a dropped the \$10 bill he held as though pulled his arm from behind me and dropped the \$10 bill he held as though it burned him. It fell in my lap. I jammed it into my coat pocket. Where

is it now? Just you wait, Tom Dorgan, and you'll find out.

I followed the bishop's eyes. His face was scarlet now. Right next to behind ms. The man on the box—he was wide and well kept, too—was tired waiting. I suppose, for he continued to doze gently, his high coachman's collar up over his ears. I cursed that collar, which had prevented his hearing the door close, for then he might have driven off. driven off.

But it was great inside; soft and warm, the cushions of dark plum, the seat wide and roomy, a church paper, inside bent forward again and gave us inside bent forward again and gave us and reports.

Habit-forming Medicines.

Whatever may be the fact as to many of the so-called patent medicines containing injurious ingredients as broadly published in some journals of more or less influence, this publicity has certainly been of great benefit in arousing needed attention to this subject, It has, in a considerable measure, resulted in the most intelligent people avoiding such foods and medicines as may be fairly suspected of containing the injurious ingredients complained of. Recognizing this fact some time ago, Dr. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., "took time by the forelock," as it were, and published broadcast all the ingredients of which his popular medicines are composed. Thus he has completely forestalled all harping critics and all opposition that might otherwise be urged against his medicines, because they are now of known composition. Furthermore, from the formula printed on every bottle wrapper, it will be seen that these medicines contain no alcohol or other habit-forming drugs. Neither do they contain any narcotics or injurious agents, their ingredients being purely vegetable, extracted from the roots of medicinal plants found growing in the depths of our American forests and of well recognized curative virtues.

Instead of alcohol, which even in small portions long continued, as in obstinate cases of diseases, becomes highly objectionable from its tendency to produce a craving for stimulants, Dr. Pierce employs chemically pure, triple-refined glycerine, which of itself is a valuable remedy in many cases of chronic diseases, being a superior demulcent, antiseptic, antiferment and supporting nutritive. It enhances the curative action of the Golden Seal root, Stone root, Black Cherrybark and Bloodroot, contained in "Golden Medical Discovery," in all bronchial, throat and lung affections attended with severe coughs. As will be seen from the writings of the eminent Drs. Grover Coe, of New York; Bartholow, of Jefferson Medical College, Philia; Scudder, of Cincinnati; Elvingwood, of Chicago; Hale, of Cheago, and others, who stand as lea

Her face told it then. It was a big, smooth face, with accordion-plaited nose was curved, and the pearls in her big ears brought out every ugly spot her neck, hung with diamonds, looked like a bed with bolsters and pillows piled high, and her eyes—oh, Tom, her eyes! They were little and very gray, and they bored their way straight through the windows—hers and ours—and hit the bishop plumb in

My, if I could only have laughed! The bishop, the dear, prim little bishop in his own carriage, with his arm about a young woman in red and chinchilla. offering her a bank-note, and Mrs. Dowager Diamonds, her eyes popping out of her head at the sight, and she one of the lady pillars of his "My thild," he began, very gently.
"Oh, daddy," I exclaimed, snuggling church—oh, Tom! !t took all of this to down close to him, "you kept me waiting make that poor innocent next to me realize how he looked in her eyes.

But you see it was over in a minute The carriage wheels were unlocked. and the blue coupe went whirling away, and we in the plum-cushioned carriage followed slowly

I decided that I'd had enough. Now and here in the middle of all these car-



you had—had missed your—your fa-bishop. He was blushing like a boy ther?" "What would you do, my child, if for me to get away. I turned to the I blushed, too. Yes, I did, Tom Dorgan, but it was because I was bursting with laughter.
"Oh, dear!" I exclaimed, in sudden

dismay. "You're not my father.

At a suburban residence near Philadelphia there recently appeared an unkempt-looking individual who asked for employment. It chanced that this application was made to the lady of the house herself, who was super intending the transplanting of plants dest in the garden.

"Are you a gardener?" asked the "'Ain't had much experience a

gardenin'," was the reply. "Can you plant these bushes?" "I'd hate to risk spoilin' 'em,

mum." "Then, what can you do?"

"Well, mum," responded the unkempt-looking individual, "if you was to hand me one of your husband's cigars. I might sit in the green-house and smoke out them insects that's eatin' the leaves of them rose-bushes."-Harper's Weekly.

Rupture of Treaties.

Premier Moret confirmed the report of the rupture of the Spanish commercials with Switzerland and France. Jules Cambon, the French ambassador at Madrid, is conferring with Premier Moret on the subject.

American Rabbis.

The sixteenth annual convention in Indianapolis of the general conference of American rabbis devoted its work to committee consultations MODERN CIRCUS

Has Moved to Higher Plane Than It Before Occupied.

The modern circus has about it nothing debasing. Mankind has always held physical achievement in high esteem: its heroes are those who have done something notable. Especially is courage, and the display of leadership on the battlefield, held in the highest esteem. The military hero stands highest on the popular roll of fame. Physical progress delights the average man: and in the athletic exhibitions of the circus, the racing the display of consummate horsemanship, and so on. which are the leading features of circus exhibition, nearly every one young and old, takes pleasure-and a pleasure that is most certainly innocent. Within the past half-century or so, the circus in America has moved to a much higher plane than it ever before occupied. The exhibitions are unobjectionable on the score of morality; the comfort and convenience of spectators are carefully conserved; there is no more fear of meeting insult or disagreeable incldents than there is in attending lecture or a theatrical performance As a result, the old-time prejudice against a circus as a proper amusement for all classes, ages and sexes is rapidly disappearing. The love of diversion and harmless amusement for all classes, ages and sexes is inborn in man. To forbid them is to turn counter to human nature. The Creator would not have implanted this desire for amusement in mankind were it detrimental.

The John Robinson circus comes to Paducah Saturday July 14th.

Your Summer Vacation

can be pleasantly spent at Waukesha, Waupaca, Fifield, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland, Superior, Duluth, or at one of the other 100 resorts reached via Wisconsin Central railway. Write for beautifully illustrated Summer Book, which tells you how, when and where to go, and how much it will cost. Free on application to James C. Pond, G. P. A., Wisconsin Central Railway, Milwaukee, Wis.

WATER NOTICE.

Patrons of the Water company are reminded that their rents expired June 30, and those who desire to renew them should do so before it is forgotten. All premises not paid for on or before July 10, will be discontinued, and the cost of shutting off and turning on water will be \$1.00.

This from a western paper: ougilist, 28, retiring from publicalife, educated and refined, wants position as companion or escort; no objection

ABRAM L. WEIL & CO GAMPBELL BLOCK INSURANCE

MAILROAD TIME TABLES.

ILLINOI			
Couch Bound Lv. Officianati Lv. Louisville Lv. Gwanbero Lv. Horse Brauch		6:00pm 6:00pm 6:40pm 6:30pm 12:00em	7:31am 9:00am
v. Central City v. Mortonville v. Mortonville v. Mortonville v. Mortonville v. Mortine v. Mortine v. Horkinsville v. Princeten	4:00pm 4:00pm la.60pm	1 60am 1 60am 4 60pm 7 60pm 9 65pm 2 97am	11:06am 12:30pm 1:26pm 4:80am 8:0°am 11:20am 2:56pm
er: Padugab	6:10pm 6:10pm	3:40am 3:45am	4:16pm 4:20pm
Ar. Olobs, Tenn Ar. Rives Ar. Jackson Ar. Bomphis Ar. N. Orleans	8;18pm	4:56am 5:51am 6:01am 7:15am 8:30am 8:15pm	6:00pm
North Bound Lv. H. Orienns Lv. Memphis Lv. Jackson Lv. Suves Lv. Fulson	7:10mm 6:45am 8:07am	9: Hom 8: Hopm 10: 10pm 11: 88pm 18: 3900	122 6:00am
Ar. Paducab		1:48am 1:48am	7;40am 7:50am
Av Princeten Av Ropkinsville Ar Nashville Ar Rorbonville Ar Sorbonville Ar Sorbonville Ar Sorbonville Ar Sorbonville Ar Ovensboro Ar Louisville Ar Chroinass	6:15pm 9:25pm 3:45pm 1.90pm	3:00am 5:20am 8:10am 9:45am 3:51am 4:30am 5:18am 6:00am 7:50am	9:20am 10 85am 11 84am 12 85pm 4 85pm 4 85pm
North Bound	THE RESERVE THE PARTY OF THE PA	200	274
r. Carbendale		12: dom 4: topm 6: goars	4:20pm 6:40pm 6 3/am

	Marie de la constitución de la cons	-
North Bound Lv. Paducah tr. Carberdale	12:dipm 4:t5pm	874 4:20pm 6:40pm 6 33am 7:2'am
South Bound Lv. St. Louis. Lv. Chicago Lv. Carbondale Ar. Paducah	11:40am	9:400 m 6:90 m 7:05 au 11:00 au
CAIRO-NASHY North Bound. LV Nashville Lo Hophinsville	101-80f 8:10am	135-83 6;40 am 7;45 am
Ar Paducah		9:35 4
Ar Caire	7:20 Sm	4 30 pm
Wouth Bound O Chicago V St. Louis Caire	9:40 pm	14 . RE 9:40 . C 1; 0 . T 5:55 . It
ar Paducah	7:45 om	7.40 pt 3; 10 pt
ar Princeton		4 4 LI 6 10 -1
Trains marked thus to tay. All oth r trains run Trains tog and tog carry ween Cincinnati, Memp Trains tot and tot sleep Memphis and New Orles	through slee	pers be Orlean uiswille and to

c'as, East Cs ro with Chicago sleep there information address J. T. Don at, city ticket office, or R. N. Frank at, Baiso Depol, Paducat, F. W. E. A. Louisville, Ey., John A. Scot A. Memphis, Tunn.; S. G. Hot Ostengo, Ill.; W. H. Brill, F. F. A.,

TO LET

Several superior offices on second and third floors of our building, provided with heat, water, light, electric elevator and modern sanitary arrangements.

Prices lowest in city for similar offices-double offices especially adapted for dentists.

American-German National Bank 227 Broadway

Fans! Fans!

CEILING AND BUZZ FANS

Foreman Bros. Novelty Co.

121-123 N. Fourth St.

CITY TRANSFER CO.

Now located at

Glauber's Stable.

We are ready for all kinds of hauling. **TELEPHONE 499**



of menstruation." They are "LIFE SAVERS" to girls we manhood, aiding development of organs and body. A known remedy for women equals them. Cannot do harm—libecomes a pleasure. \$1.00 PER BOX BY MAIL. So by druggists. DR. MOTT'S CHEMICAL CO., Clevelend, Ohi SOLD BY ALVEY & LIST AND G. C. C. KOLB. PADJOAM. KI.

Goods are Going Fast

and Cheap at the Big

At the

Auction Sale

Paducah Music Store Phone 1513. 428 Broadway

JUST RECEIVED

A Special Shipment of

JAPANESE Honey Suckle PERFUME

With other favorite French and American Extras

SMITH & NAGEL DRUG STORE

KILL THE COUGH O CURE THE LUNGS Dr. King's New Discovery

urest and Quickest Cure for a HEOAT and LUNG TROUB 25, or MONEY BACK. Angraved cards and plate \$1.25 at EVANSVILLE, PADUCAH CAIRO LINE.

(Incorporated.) Evansville and Paducah (Daily Except Sunday.)

Steamers Joe Fowler and John S. Hopkins, leave Paducah for Evansville and way landings at 11 a. m. Special excursion rate now in effeet from Paducah to Evansville and return, \$4.00. Elegant music on the boat. Table unsurpassed.

STEAMER DICK FOWLER Leaves Paducah for Cairo and way landings at 8 a. m. sharp, daily except Sunday. Special excusion rates now in effect from Paducah to Cairo and return, with or without meals

For further information apply to S. A. Fowler, General Pass. Agent, or Given Fowler, City Pass. Agent, at Fowler-Crumbaugh & Co's office. Both phones No. 33.

and room. Good music and table un-

ST. LOUIS AND TENNESSEE RIVER PACKET COMPANY.

FOR TENNESSEE RIVER

STEAMER CLYDE

Loave Paducah for Tennessee River Every Wednesday at 4 p. m. A. W. WRIGHT Mas

This company is not responsible for invoice charges unless collected by the clerk of the boat.

NEW STATE HOTEL D. A. Bailey, Prop. METROPOLIS, ILL;

Newest and best hotel in the city Rates \$2.00. Two large sample rooms. Bath rooms. Riectric lignts. The only centrally located hotel in the city.

Commercial Patronage Solicited.

DRAUGHON'S Business Colleges

PADUCAN, 312-316 Breadway, and MASHVILLE
27 Colleges in 16 States. POSITIONS secured or money REFUNDED. Also teach average will convince you that Dranghou's is THE BEST. Call or send for

Henry Mammen, Jr. Removed to Third and Kontucky. Book Binding, Bank Work, Lega and Library Work a specialty.

Engraved cards and plate \$1.35 at